

THE  
**Changableness of this World.**

With Respect to Nations, Families,  
and particular Persons.

WITH  
A Practical *Application* thereof to  
the various *Conditions* of this mortal Life.

IN  
A Funeral Discourse  
Occasion'd by the Death of  
Mr. *EDMUND HILL*,  
Who dyed *April 16. 1692.*

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By Timothy Rogers, M. A.

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T O

**M<sup>R</sup>. John Hill,**  
Brother of the Deceased  
**Mr. EDMUND HILL,**  
And to the rest of the  
**RELATIONS.**

*My much-esteemed Friends,*

**W**E ought not at any time  
with an excessive Grief  
to bewail the Departure of a  
good man from this vain and  
miserable World, for 'tis a place  
A 3 where

## *The Epistle*

where he is in Exile, and when he dies he arrives at his dear and blessed home. Such a one I believe your Friend to have been, (and hope that he is now there, where is no Sin, nor Pain, nor Death, and where the weary be at rest ; at his desire I preached the following Discourse, and at yours it is now published, and I pray God that it may be serviceable to you and many others.

This passing fading World charms the Sons of men with its soft Pleasures and Temptations, but the reason of their being so charmed, is from their own Blindness and Inconsideration ;  
they

## *Dedictory.*

they see not the Poyson that lurks under all its Sweetness, nor the Sword that stabs them when it smiles : They consider not how soon their Strength, their Ease, and their Joys will perish ; for, if they did, they could not doat on so frail a Trifle, nor be greatly transported with that which is of a short continuance, and may vanish as in the twinkling of an Eye, no more than a man that only rides Post through a delicious Country, can suffer his Thoughts to swell with too great an admiration of it\*, seeing it yields him only the Pleasure of an hasty view.



## *The Epistle*

If this World were all pleasant, if all the Year were Summer, and every Month were *May*; if all that we heard were Musical, and all that we saw were attended with accomplished Beauty, yet so long as the pleasure of all this is but fading, 'tis not greatly to be prized.

Sometimes indeed our Life has its days of *Triumph*, as well as those of *Humiliation*; we have sometimes cause of extraordinary Praise, as well as of Mourning at other less pleasant Seasons; it may dry our Tears for our particular Losses, when the Mercies of our Country call  
us

## Dedictory.

us to share in a publick Joy :  
And so we are now called by  
*the late Victory that God gave*  
*our Fleet over the French at*  
*Sea* ; we adore him for inspiring  
our Admirals and our Seamen  
with Courage and Resolution,  
and for that eminent Success  
that he gave them in the  
day of Battel, wherein so many  
of our Enemies, and of their  
biggest Ships, sunk like Lead  
in the mighty Waters. And  
we hope, that as the Divine  
Providence has by this means  
begun the Ruine of *that great*  
*Enemy of Mankind*, so it will en-  
tirely finish it ; and to see so  
great a *Pharoah* and his Host  
totally overthrown, would make  
our

## *The Epistle*

our Life more pleasant ; but yet, as men that have a frail and a mortal Constitution, we must look for many Changes and Alterations in this lower World, so many are the Pains to which our poor Bodies are obnoxious. Such certain Miseries attend us, and such stinging Troubles, that it should greatly lessen our esteem and value of this present Life. If it were not that a man hath now an opportunity of being useful, and of serving God, it were not worth his while to live : For, set aside Religion, and its solid and durable *Advantages*, and all that is in the World, *the Lust of the Flesh, the Lust of the Eyes,*

## *Dedicatory.*

*Eyes, and the Pride of Life ;* all the most refined Pleasures, the most splendid Equipage, the most convenient and noble Habitations, the most shining Riches, the most honourable and lofty Titles, and whatever other gay things they are that an Idolizer of this *World* adores, they are not worthy of a Thought ; they are so far from being the Happiness of a Christian, that they are below a Man, a Man whose immortal Soul cannot, without true Piety from any of them, or from them all together, derive any solid Satisfaction.

It

## *The Epistle*

It is therefore the *Wisdom* and the *Love of God* to his Servants, that he sends them *various Afflictions*, to wean them from so vain a state. It is his *Wisdom* that prepares the Cross, and his *Love* that teaches them to bear it. It is good for us to meet with sad as well as pleasant things, that so the sharpness, and number, and variety, and continuance of our Evils may make us at length willing to quit the *World*, which we should over-admire, if it were not sometimes made to be uneasie to us. And it was with Reason that a good man used often to say, *I am more afraid*

## Dedictory.

*afraid of the smiling World than of the frowning World. An uninterrupted Prosperity may be a very great Curse ; and it filled Job with Horror to consider the miserable Portion of wicked men, Though, says he Chap. xxi. 7, 8. they are mighty in power, their seed is established in their sight with them, their Houses are safe from fear, neither is the rod of God upon them : they spend their days in wealth, and in a moment they go down to the Grave.*

The whole Design of God in all his Providences to us, is to advance his own Glory, by drawing off our Minds from the things

## *The Epistle*

things which are seen, and which are temporal, to those that are invisible and eternal, and by all our earthly Losses to teach us more the Value of his own Grace, and by the death of our Friends to teach us more effectually to remember our own Frailty ; and to make the serious Impressions of it more strong, was, I suppose, the first Original of *Funeral Sermons*, and for this purpose they are still continued, that the consideration of the Dead may further the Holiness and Salvation of the Living ; and I wish that the following Discourse may have such a good effect.

My

## *Dedictory.*

My Friends, you have lost a near and a comfortable Relation, and you have lost him in his Youth, but not sooner than God saw it seasonable and fit for him to depart ; his great Orders must be obeyed, and in his Pleasure must you acquiesce, by whose appointment we both live and dye. I am a Witness of your Christian Submission to that Providence that so lately took away your dear Relation : I wish you a continuance of that and of every other Grace : May you always have enough of this World for your own Comfort, and the Good of others : May you, while you enjoy it, not love it with an im-



*The Epistle*

immoderate Affection : And may you, after many years of Service on Earth, go late into a better World ; and may this following Discourse be helpful to many in their Preparations for Eternity. I beg of you to let it have your Prayers to this purpose, and when you are most serious, I beseech you not to be unmindful of

*Your Real Friend and*

*Servant,*

*London,  
June 9. 1692.*

T. ROGERS.

THE

T H E

*Changeableness of this World :*

B E I N G

A Funeral Discourse

O N

I C O R. vii. 31.

*For the Fashion of this World passeth away.*

**T**HIS Season had not been mournful to us, as it now is, nor would these Persons that now are here in a Dress and Garb of Sorrow, have had occasion for their Tears, if their Prayers, or Ours, could  
B have

## 2 The Changeableness

have prevailed for the longer Life of our departed Friend Mr. *Edmund Hill*. We prayed for him in this and other places ; if it had so pleased God, it would have been a mighty Joy to us to have seen him once again filling a Place in this Assembly, and joyning with us in Praises to the Most High, for his Deliverance ; but we hope that he is joyned to a *better Assembly*, and has obtained a Deliverance of a far better kind, even a Deliverance from an evil World, from Sin and Misery. He had indeed a painful and a weary Pilgrimage, with many restless hours, and with great Afflictions he is arrived at his Journeys end. He did not bend under the Weight of many years ; nor came he near to the usual term of Human Life, in his tender Youth, and in the prime and flower of his Age was he called away : His *Sun* is gone down at Noon, and set when we and his other Friends might have hoped that it would have shined a long time. While he lived, he was very useful in his Station, serious in Religion, mindful of his God, and kind

to

## of this World.

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to his Friend, and each of his nearest Relations may justly say, *I am distressed for thee my Brother Edmund, very pleasant hast thou been unto me ; thy Love to me was wonderful, passing the love of Women.* He was a very desireable Relation, and a most acceptable Friend ; but he was but mortal, a man of a short continuance, and as a Shadow that passes away. We saw him, we discours'd with him with great pleasure a little while ago, but now we shall not see him *till the Heavens be no more* : To the same Grave must we go, where he now dwells ; he is gone, and it will in a little time be our Turn to go. God grant that his Death may be of use to us that are alive, that by this and other Warnings we may be fit to dye, and that our Work may be done before our Sentence pass. It was his desire, that I should perform this last Act of Friendship to his Memory, and preach a *Fune-ral Sermon* for him. Little did I think, some few Months ago, that one that was then so healthful, so lively, and so young, would so soon be at his Long home ; but

#### 4 The Changeableness

alas ! how vain a thing is Man ! how little is he to be accounted of, seeing his Breath is in his Nostrils, and *as the Grass which flourisheth and groweth up in the morning, and in the evening is cut down and withereth !* Nothing on Earth is fixed and stable ; what is most lovely, pleasant, and desirable, stays but a little while, and therefore we should fix our Minds, our Thoughts, our Hopes, our Choice, and all the Affections of our Souls upon a state whose Beauty never fades, and whose Glory never is eclipsed ; for, as to this World, *the fashion thereof passeth away.* The Apostle, in the Verles before the Text, advises to a very great moderation of Spirit, as to all the Comforts of this Life ; for, says he, *The time is short ;* and being so short, it ought not to be laid out in a too eager Pursuit even of lawful things. *It remaineth that both they that have Wives be as though they had none ;* that is, notwithstanding so dear a Relation, they should not exceed in their Affection, but be in a continual readiness for Sufferings, and Persecutions, and

# of this World. 5

and Death : *And they that weep, as though they wept not ; though they mourn for the loss of their Friends, and upon many other occasions, yet not to let their Grief exceed the bounds of Reason and Religion, for they are but to weep a little while : And they that rejoyce should temper their prosperous Mirth with wise and sober Reflections, knowing they and their Joys too will soon be gone, and that the very things that now are the Subjects of their Contentment, will in a short time be no more satisfactory to them : And he adds, those who are employed in the great Affairs and Business of Life, which attend upon a plentiful condition, should use the World as not abusing it, to Luxury, Riot, or Excess, or inordinate pleasing of the Flesh, for the fashion of this World passeth away, the appearances and state of things change and vary in a very little space, the condition of this World is never fixed, the face of things alters almost every moment. All the Goods of this World are of a short duration, and last but a little while, and whilst they con-*

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*tinue, undergo innumerable alterations. I shall proceed in this method.*

1. Shew how *the fashion of this World passeth away.*

2. What Advantages we may derive from the serious consideration of so great a Truth.

r. When it is said, *That the fashion of this World passes away, it is principally meant of this Earthly Globe, this World where we dwell; as to the upper Regions, and the vast Spheres above, and the Starry Heaven, they seem not all to change, but keep the same steddy and regular motions which they ever had: All the things under the Moon are perpetually changing and ebbing to and fro, even the Parts of Nature, that have the longest Life and the most harden'd Constitutions, do in the progress of time decay. The Eagle and the Raven live the longest among Birds, the Elephant and the Stag among Beasts, the Oak among Vegetables, Stones and Metals among those Treasures which Nature hath laid up in the Bosom of the Earth, yet they all have*

have a time of growth and encrease, a time of ripeness and perfection, and then of declination, which brings them at last to a total dissolution. The Elements are often changed, and as *Philo* has observed, they dispense themselves by just Bounds and Rules. The Element of Fire loseth sometimes by condensation to the Air, and the Air by rarefaction again to it: And so in the like manner the Air loses to the Water, and the Water again to it. The Earth by several conveyances sucks in the Waters of the Sea, but returns them again thither, such Changes there are here below; but the Sun shines with as much light as ever, and the Stars that beautifie the Sky have lost nothing of their Morning-beauty, and those Philosophers that imagin'd the World grew old and decayed, as the Bodies of Animals do, shewed their own Dotage more by a great deal than the Worlds Decay; for, the same Power, and Wisdom, and Goodness that gave a Being to these excellent Parts of the Creation, does by the same preserve them



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from an Alteration. See at large on this Dr. *Hakewell's Apology for the Providence of God*. The highest part of the Universe is not liable to Alteration and Corruption, as the lower is; and it is certain (as one says) that after four or five thousand years observation, which men have curiously made of the Celestial Appearances, they have not observed any thing very new, setting aside one or two Stars, and especially that which was discovered in the year 1572, to the great astonishment of Astrologers, and whereof they wrote entire Volumes, but this comes to pass by the great and vast distance of these Bodies, and the continual swiftness of their motion, which hinders men from seeing or distinctly minding what passes there; but this lower World is subject to Vanity, and groans under a thousand Miseries and Changes, because of the first Sin, and if the Heavens are not changed in their proper Qualities, yet in their Effects they are, for they dispense not to sublunary things such favourable Influences as they would

## of this World.

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would have done, had it not been for the Fall of Man; and our Sin has planted in the Earth Thorns and Bryars; and all that Vertue and those Comforts which before the Fall it would have freely yielded, are now to be extracted from it with a vast labour and toyl; and from the Fall arises that Enmity which the other Creatures have against us and one another.

2. *The Fashion of the Empires and Nations of this World passes away*; those mighty Governments, and those Empires that former Ages wonder'd at, are now no more to be discerned, the Glory of their victorious Emperors, and their own Glory is departed: The *Babylonian Monarchy* yielded to the *Persian*, the *Persian* to the *Grecian*, the *Grecian* to the *Roman*, and the *Roman*, that was so famous, was at length divided, and torn asunder by Confusions and Civil Wars, by the Inundations of *Goths* and *Vandals*, and several other barbarous and cruel Enemies. The most golden and best-establish'd Thrones will sometimes shake  
and

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and totter; the most busie Kings must find a time to dye, and the most Triumphant be conquered by Death. Every *History*, every *Gazette*, furnishes us with an account of the Vicissitude and Change of Nations. What strange Changes have late years produced in *Hungary*, in *Turky*, in *Savoy*, *Germany*, and among our selves in *England*! such as we cannot but be astonished at, especially when we consider, that amidst so many terrible Revolutions we have had one among us, that is their Wonder and our Happiness, their Envy and our Pleasure, a very propitious and favourable one indeed, of which our Hearts are glad, and which we hope God will long uphold. The Glory of this World, with reference to publick Societies, passes away; in time their Customs, their Laws, their Language, and their Garb change, and what was applauded in one Age, becomes ridiculous, and is slighted in the next. Where are now the Cities of *Babylon*, of *Nineveh*, of *Jerusalem*, even that *Jerusalem* which was once famous for its stately Towers, for the  
the

## of this World. 11

the number of its Inhabitants, for the Wisdom and Piety of its Kings, and for the Temple which for its richness and beautiful structure, was the Wonder of the World? How many places where there were once comely Buildings, large Streets, a thriving and a busie People, are now like so many Wilderesses, and places only possesst with Owls and Dragons? What a different Face does a Nation appear withal, when it is all scratch'd and torn with bloody Wars, or when it is ghastly and pale with Famine, or when it lies soaking under some violent Inundation or Earthquakes, the Convulsions of the Earth, and the Disease of Nature! What Alterations are produced in the World with excessive Heats, or excessive Rains! What a different appearance the same place has from what it had once: Your Eyes have sadly viewed when *London*, by the Anger of God, and the Malice of the Papists, and the Sins of its Inhabitants, was laid in Ashes; you saw her Beauty and your Houses in the Dust, may you never again behold so sad a Specta-

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Spectacle: You saw this City with Tears in her Grave, and you now, Thanks be to God, see her Resurrection, which has wiped your Tears away: You have seen what Consternation reigned in this place, when the dreadful Plague was, how desolate, how mournful and forlorn, what dreadful Groans did you then hear, and how many Funerals did you then see! how different was it then from what it is now, when no mighty Sickness reigns among us, when our *Exchange*, our Streets, and our Churches too are thronged! The greatest Bodies pass away through their own frailty, or with outward Violence. The tallest Oaks are torn up by the Roots with Whirlwinds and Tempests; The loftiest and proudest Cedar of the Wood is now and then tumbled down; the stateliest Buildings fall to decay, and the strongest are consumed by the length of time. We see now no more the Pyramids of *Egypt*, the Colossus of *Rhodes*, the *Mausoleums* and the Pillars that made so great a shew in former Ages, and

and that lasted for many Hundred years.

3. *The fashion of particular Families passes away.* How many that were once prosperous and flourishing, are now fallen to decay ! How many that were once honoured and esteemed, are now slighted and undervalued ! How many an House, that was a while ago full of Cheerfulness and Mirth, is now full of Sighs and Groans ! In how many is the Voice of Weeping, and the Cry of the Widow and the Fatherless ! One day your Families are healthful, and it may be sick the next ; one day you enjoy your Friends, and you see them dead the next ; quickly does your House become *an House of Mourning* ; one week you are trading, and busie, and full of Projects, and the next it may be your contriving Head is laid upon its last Pillow ; to day you look with satisfaction upon a Brother, a Friend, or a Child, and to morrow the Flower is withered, and he is not ; and he with whom you now discourse and have pleasant Society, you then

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then care not to look upon, when *his Countenance is changed*, and he is past away : To day your lovely Friend smiles upon you, and in his pleasant looks, in his liveliness and his kind expressions, you taste a great Pleasure, and in a few days you must attend this so loved so dear Friend unto his Grave, and then, *Job 7. 9. As a cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the Grave shall come up no more, he shall return no more to his House, neither shall his place know him any more.* The Sun that now shines upon your Head gives you no assurance that to morrow shall be as fair or as warm a day as this, nor that he will continue to visit you with his comfortable Beams: The Candle of the Lord may shine upon you now, but it may be very soon extinguish'd, and the Night of Darkness come upon you.

4. *The Comfort of the things of this World often passes away, even whilst we live.* How many times do those that were once our Friends turn our Enemies? How many times do believed Misrepresent-

sentations cause them to have an undue or evil Opinion of us, and our innocent and faultless Actions? How many of those that were our familiar Companions become shy and strange? How may all the Comfort of our Friends, and our Estates be gone by sharp or by lingering Pain, by restless Nights and weary Days, by the Gout, or Stone, or Convulsions, or many other terrible Distresses that vex mortal men? We may be weary of Living long before we dye, and long before Old-age come, we may see *the days wherein we shall have no pleasure*. You now, it may be, have a competent Estate or Trade, by means whereof you can live in good and tolerable fashion, but the Fire may consume your Houses, the Winds may sink your Vessels, your Correspondents may prove Cheats, and your Debtors fail and run away, so many unforeseen Accidents there are that cause this World and our Comforts to change and vary. In a single life there are numerous Vexations, and the married is not every hour at ease. A thousand occasi-

ons



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ons of Trouble there are even in every state ; what falseness, what envying, what malice, what passions do we every where discern ? How many Families are clothed in Raggs, and how many that know not how to live ? How many a Mother is looking on her undutiful Child with weeping Eyes and a bleeding Heart to see him please the Devil and forsake God ; that Child for which it may be she prayed, and for which she has undergone many a sharp throw, and had many an aking hour, proves a Thorn and a Bryar in her side, and she mourns, because her dear Child is not alive towards God, nor in the way of Heaven, but like to be a Companion of the Damned, and a Brand of Hell ? How is she ready to bless the Womb that never bare, and the Paps that never gave suck.

5. *The Customs and Inclinations of Men change and vary.* What they affect one day they perhaps hate the next ; their Minds are continually harass'd with Changes of Thoughts and Hopes, Volitions and Desires : Our different Ages have

have their different Inclinations ; the Pleasures of Youth, the Sociableness, the Exercises, and the Company that it affects, are all disrelished in a feeble and decaying Age ; our Humours, and the motions of our Minds, are greatly influenc'd by the good or ill Constitution of our Bodies ; the Meat that we long for in Health may be nauseous to us in our Illness, and then we may, after having tasted the sweetness and the vanity of Conversation, love to be alone. The Sea suffers not more frequent Changes by the moving Tide, than we by a continual change and repetition of Desires ; we are always craving, and yet never satisfied ; we pursue what we have not, and what we have does not give us rest. While we possess our Comforts, many times we do not prize them, and when they are gone, we lament their loss with a too-flowing sorrow. We are lively or sad, we mourn or we rejoice for the most part, according as we are either healthful or diseased. Man has very little in him that is durable ; he is composed

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fed of Flesh and Blood, of Spirits that seldom move in the same fashion: All the Elements have a share in our Constitution, Flegm and Choler, a little Fire and Water, and these have not the same tendencies, nor agree to the same purposes, *Changes and War against us, Job 10. 17.* We are also influenc'd by the Climate and the Air in which we live, and the Company we keep; by our Actions and our Rest, by our Meat and our Drink we change our Notions, and often in our Lives alter our Judgment of things, and that is reckon'd Truth in one Age which another will call an Error; that is now reckon'd learned, polite, or judicious, which hereafter may be called dull and heavy; we admire those Customs, and that Dress, and those peculiar Criticisms and Controversies which after-Ages it's very like will ridicule.

6. *The Fashion of our Bodies, i.e. their Health, and Ease, and Delights, pass away.* And, alas! how soon innumerable Sorrows torment our Life, innumerable Diseases prey upon our Health! How soon  
does

does Childhood pass to Youth, and that to a more careful and afflicted Age? How fast does our Glass run? How soon is our rising Sun at his brightest Noon, how soon does he from thence go down again? All that is desirable in our Life is quickly changed and diminished; all the Beauty, and the Grace, and the Strength of our Bodies, by a short Sickness, may be taken from us; the liveliness of our Understandings, the vivacity of our Thoughts, the tenaciousness of our Memories, all our gratefulness in Society, the goodness of our Mean, the sweetness and harmony of our Humors, may be all dashed and spoiled with a rugged and a violent Disease: *All flesh is as grass*, and how soon may that be bruised, or pulled up, or wither away? Nay, all the Glory of this flesh is as the *flower of the Field*, which a careless Foot treads upon, or one stormy Wind blows away. How frail a Nature have we! a great many things are necessary to make us easie, and one little Trouble does unhinge and discompose us; a sharp fit of Sickness

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turns all our Laughter into Groans, and changes all our Thoughts, our Hopes, and our Designs, and breaks our Purposes asunder: This World is then, as to us, past away; we cannot look upon it then with any pleasure; it cannot give us Ease, and we have then no leisure nor ability to pursue so vain a Shadow. How small a Disease can shatter this our House of Clay? one accidental Bruise, one *slight Fall*, one corrupt Humour, one uneasie Night or two changes our whole Frame and Constitution; so delicate a Contexture is there in our Body, in our Veins, our Fibres and our Spirits, that a very little thing can spoil its Beauty and disturb its Ease; any thing that we eat or drink, if not agreeable to our Temper, if not well digested or distributed, may lay the Foundation of a Disease, and that Disease may prove our Death. And, alas! a few weeks Sicknes make us greatly to change, even before we dye: What piteous Groans do we hear coming from our Friends on their Sick-bed, their Language is sighing

or

or complaining of terrible and sharp Pains, which we cannot help ; their Eyes have no more that Vigor and Liveliness which they once had, their Faces are pale, their Spirits are sunk, they relish nothing of what they eat or drink, and which is the Sickness of all Sickness, their Nights are restless and many times very frightful to them. *Psal. 39. 11. When thou with rebukes dost correct man for Iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth ; surely every man is Vanity.*

7. *The Life of Man passeth away.* And indeed this is so known a Truth, that it needs no Proof. Need I tell you, that the Clouds which you see in the Air, and which seem to be very solid and substantial, will soon either be dissolved in Showers, or driven away with the Wind, and be no more seen? Need I prove, that Vapours, as well those which blaze with a glaring Light, as those that are more obscure, and creep lower to the Ground, will both vanish? So does our Life, which is composed of the perishable

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ble Elements into which it will be dissolved again, *Psal. 90. 9. We spend our years as a tale that is told.* They give us a little diversion, but they are very short; the World not only passes away, but so do we our selves; after a few days or weeks of painful Sickness, our Souls are dismiss'd from these Tabernacles, and these Bodies turn again to common Dust; notwithstanding all the Pleasure we have in Society and Conversation, we must go to the solitary Grave, and we must go alone through the dark and the shady Veil; this is *the doleful period of human Life*; in a Coffin must that Creature Man be confined, that has such large Prospects and huge Designs, and makes such a noise and bustle in the World, two Yards of Earth will hold him that many Acres, and perhaps many Kingdoms, would not satisfy whilst he was alive: Our days and our years pass away to Death, as a River that descending from a Mountain rolls along to the Sea with a rapid course; our Life is as a Bubble raised upon the Water, that  
moves

moves a while, that in one moment has its being, and in another moment vanishes away, and when we dye, all the Pleasures, and Riches, and Honours of this World avail us nothing, we take our leave of them, and they of us, at the Borders of the Grave; and though the usual time of Life be threescore years and ten, yet in half that time the greatest part of men pass away; for, besides those that dye in their Infancy, it has been observed, there are more dye before Thirty than there are that pass that number of years; and our *weekly Bills* have but few that dye of Age, in comparison of the many that dye of Consumptions, Fevers, and the like Diseases. Our whole duration upon Earth is but like a Flower, and some of these are trod upon, and decay betimes: Early in the Morning some are snatch'd away, in their prime and delightful Youth, and others wither by degrees, but they all partake of a common Weakness, and are subject to miserable Accidents: But Death is as the sharpness and the storms of Winter, it makes the



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Lillies and the Roses wither, it silences the Tongue, it spoils the Visage, it turns the blooming red into a faint and ghastly pale, it makes the Eloquent to be mute, the Rich to be poor, the Beautiful to be deformed; it tears away the Crown from Kings, and humbles the Noble and the Great, and lays them and their Honours in the Dust. This deals rudely with the Soft and Delicate, it does not keep its distance, because of their Pride, nor keep the Worms from feeding on them, because of their Ointments, and Perfumes, and Patches.

8. *The Fashion of this World will in a more remarkable manner pass away at the great day, Psal. 102. 26.* The appearance of this World will be then vastly changed, its Motion and its Use will be changed, it shall be melted and refined, and after the Conflagration serve to greater and higher purposes than it now does; as a Garment it shall be changed, its Qualities will be altered, and it will not appear in the fashion that it now does, 2 Pet. 3. 10. *i.e.* as one Paraphrases

ses it, when all the fiery Bodies in the upper Regions of this World, which have been kept so long in an even and regular course, within their several limits, shall then be let loose again, and by a more rapid and violent motion shall put the World into Confusion and a Flame together, for then the present frame of things shall be dissolved, and the bounds set to the more subtile and active parts of Matter, shall be taken away, which mixing with the more gross and earthy, shall sever them from each other, and by whirling and agitation set them all on fire. Then the Thoughts and Apprehensions, and Designs of Men will all be changed; then all the Affairs of Peace and War, of Trade and Commerce, and whatsoever was a Work of Time, shall receive a period, an eternal and unchangeable state shall succeed the vast Alterations of the Great Day; then the Fashion of the World will pass away, for the Hills and Mountains shall melt at the presence of the mighty Judge, all the lofty Towers, and stately Palaces,  
and

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and curious Buildings that are now wonder'd at, shall, with all the Glory of their Possessors, be buried in a common Grave, we shall then hear the Groans and dreadful Cracks of the dying World, *Mat.* 24. 29.

*Inf. 1. What a vain thing is Man, whilst he lives in a World that passes away? Eccles. 1. 4, 5, 6. One Generation passeth away. and another cometh, but the earth abideth for ever; the Sun also ariseth, and goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose. The Wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and returneth according to his circuits. All the Rivers run into the Sea, unto the place from whence the Rivers come, thither they return again* Other parts of this Creation are of a more firm and longer duration than we; the Sun sets to rise again, but poor Man goes into his Grave, and is not seen to return thence any more: Though men greatly differ as to their Climates, their Constitutions,  
and

and their Projects, yet they are all mortal as the Flower of the Field, and tho' one Flower be painted with more curious Colours, and appear with a more beautiful shape, yet it is but a Flower still. One man may have a stronger and a more healthful Constitution than another, more quick and lively Spirits, and a more delicate Complexion, but he has nothing that will fence him more than a weaker Person from the blow of Death. Oh, how vain are the Thoughts of men when they do not think upon their own Vanity ! one is thinking, that at such or such a time he will take a Journey, and it may be, before he begins it, he arrives at his Long-home. So many a Merchant is saying, When I come to such or such a Port, I'll vend my Goods, and bring back such and such things for them, that are valuable ; and will bear a good price in my own Country ; and before he has accomplish'd his Project, he takes a Voyage into another World, and is landed in a vast Eternity. Thus many a Parent, that puts his Son Apprentice,

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prentice, says, I will give him such or such a Fortune, and dispose of him hereafter into such a Family, and help him by my Interest and Advice to a considerable Trade ; and before half the years of his Service are over, the hopeful Youth is snatch'd away by Death. Thus many a man, after a great toyl, a long care, and frequent troubles, to get an Estate, having obtained his wish, says, Now I will build, and plant, and enjoy my Friends ; and when he has bid his Soul take its ease, and *eat, and drink, and be merry* ; when he flatters himself with the thoughts of Peace and Pleasure, and leaves all he has got to others, oh, how vain and foolish are the Sons of Men ; for, as some word it, in matters of Judgment they have strange Opinions, in matters of Fancy trivial and ridiculous Imaginations, in matters of Contemplation they have sinful Thoughts, in matters of Contrivance wicked and ungodly Designs : One is a great while climbing up a Hill, but quickly tumbled down again ; a great while a man is in coming  
into

## of this World. 29

into Business, and e're he make any considerable Figure in the World, and often just when he does begin to thrive and prosper, and to be serviceable, then Death knocks at his Door, and calls him away to another state. By slow degrees do we arrive to be capable of any weighty matters, but alas, we are in a moment dash'd in pieces. An House is a great while building, but may be reduc'd to Ashes in an hour or two. Our *Deceased Friend* had, during his illness, a very becoming sense of this, and would often repeat that in *Psal. 39. 5. Every man at his best state is altogether vanity*; and indeed, we may say, that he himself was then in his best state when this Sickness seized upon him, in a very flourishing Trade, in the flower of his Youth, and which was more than all, he was serviceable to all persons in distress, and that needed or required his Help. When a man is most healthful, most strong, and most useful, then he passes away; and this is Vanity, his Glory fades, and even all those Ornaments

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ments of Men, which render them agreeable to others, and please themselves. By the Glory of Flesh, which withers away, Interpreters understand the Colour and the Light of their Nature and their Perfections, whether they be natural or acquired, of Body or Spirit, their Beauty, their Force, their Activity, their Youth, their Health, the vivacity of their Senses, the readiness of their Understanding, the solidity of their Judgment, the steddiness of their Memory, their profound Knowledge, the easiness of their Manners, and the sweetness of their Conversation: All this is Vanity, and so are their outward Enjoyments, their Honours, their Pleasures, and their Reputation. If a man were not under the hope and expectation of a better World, he were a very contemptible, and a sorry Creature; and as Mr. Baxter says, (*Divine Life*, p. 30.) ‘Truly, ‘if there were no everlasting Life, but ‘Man were a meer terrestrial Animal, I ‘had rather never have been born, or ‘should wish that I had never been a  
‘*Man.*

‘ *Man.* I knew not what to do with my  
 ‘ self, nor how to employ the Faculties  
 ‘ of my Soul and Body, but they would  
 ‘ all seem to me as useless things ; what  
 ‘ should I do with my Reason, if I had  
 ‘ no higher an end than Beasts ? What  
 ‘ should I do with an Heart that’s capa-  
 ‘ ble of the Love of God, and deligh-  
 ‘ ting in his Love, if I had no God to  
 ‘ love and delight in when this Life is  
 ‘ ended ? Why have I an Heart that  
 ‘ so desireth him in fuller vision and frui-  
 ‘ tion, if I be capable of no such thing ?  
 ‘ What then shall I do with my Life and  
 ‘ Time ? Verily (says that excellent  
 ‘ man) I know not. I should be like a  
 ‘ poor cashier’d Souldier, or like one  
 ‘ turned out of his Service, that knew  
 ‘ not where to have his Work and Wa-  
 ‘ ges.

*Inf. 2. We have great Reason to pre-  
 pare for a better World, that is not lia-  
 ble to these Changes and Vicissitudes ;  
 there the Happiness is suitable to all our  
 Faculties, and it is ever the same, which  
 makes*



### 32 The Changeableness

makes it to be much more an Happiness. We lose here our Comforts, and our Friends, and therefore should pursue Comforts and Enjoyments that we should never lose: An unchangeable God, an eternal Heaven, and that Jesus, who is the same yesterday, to day, and for ever, are surely better far than any thing below. Does not a man that is grievously toss'd on the Waves of a rouling Sea, think with pleasure on the firm and quiet Land? Does not a Traveller, that meets with hard usage and inconvenient lodging on the Road, long to be at home? And, shall we not, even for our own ease, as well as for the Glory of God, seek an *Inheritance that is incorruptible and undefiled, and that fades not?* That Throne of Glory that is prepared for Believers shall never totter, their Crowns shall never shine with fainter Beams than they do the first moment; the World above knows no Commotions nor Disorders, it is a World of eternal Peace, no Devils, no Enemies whatsoever shall ever there molest the Calm of happy Souls; there

there is a Family of living People that shall never know what it is to be sick and dye. There is a City where there are no Casualties or sad Accidents, no frowning Providences nor unpleasant Revolutions. Oh, let us take Wing and fly towards that Kingdom, that shall never be concerned with foreign Invasions, or with Civil Wars, that shall see no Changes or Alterations from within or from without; methinks one View or one Thought of that World should make us all despise and undervalue this; there the Day shall never be changed into Night, not a Groan to all Eternity shall be mingled with their cheerful Hallelujahs; alas! it mixes Gall and Wormwood with all our Wine here, to think that Death will shortly part us and all our Friends, that we and all our Comforts, how comfortable soever they be, are like every moment to pass away. When you look upon a Child, a Friend, or a Relation, that are the sweet Companions of your Pilgrimage, it cannot but a little trouble you, to think that you must leave them,

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and

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and they you, and that, as in the twinkling of an Eye, so speedy may the feared Separation be. In this World, when we hear good News, we cannot very much rejoyce, the Pleasure is diminished and abated by considering that we may quickly hear that which is sad and terrible, but in the World above all the Objects we shall see, and all the things we shall hear will be throughout pleasant, there our state will not be chequer'd with black and white, with Songs and Cries, with Health and Sicknes, with Happiness and Misery, with Life and Death, our amiable Inheritance will be secured beyond the Possibilities of an Alteration; that World shall not be a Scene of Sorrow, of Vanity and Vexation, but of the most pure and refined Pleasures; it will be fixed and abiding, and the Fruit that grows in that Paradise shall never be blasted, wither, or decay. Seek then a Good that is so great as to satisfy you, so solid as to satisfy you always, so perfect and so pure, as to satisfy you without any Inquietude. Oh let us behold  
the

the Beauty and the Glories of the World above, for we may discern them even at this distance; the Garments of Praise that are there greatly surpass our mourning Weeds; here we are distressed, and there we shall be at ease; here the Friendships and Conversations that please us for a while soon change, and are no more pleasing, but there is a knowing and a loving Society, whose sincere Affections no Misunderstandings nor no particular private Interests shall ever change. Let us lift our Eyes from this changeable state of things, and look with more attention, with more longing and desire to the blessed World, that *quiet Seat of Angels and separated Souls*, that Abode of God himself, in whose Being there is *no variation nor shadow of Change*; with him, and in his presence we shall have nobler Enjoyments than we now have; we shall not then live in hope, but in possession, and instead of the vain Honours and Applauses, and Joys of this World, we shall have a weight of Eternal Glory through the shining of his Favour, and

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the reviving Communications of his Love. As much as Heaven is above this Earth, so will our Comforts there exceed all that is smiling, and agreeable, and pleasant here below; there the Joys are all compleat and pure; whereas in this World, as one expresses it, there is a mixture of Good and Evil, of Consolation and Melancholy, of Joy and Sadness, and the Pain is more than our Ease, and the Sadness more than our Joy: Nothing is more changeable than the Sweetness and Pleasures of the World, but nothing is less inconstant in its Miseries than that is; nothing is more frail and treacherous than the World in its Prosperities, but nothing more constant in Adversities; it promises much and performs little, and frequently raises its Admirers high, to make their Fall more remarkable; it renders them great, to draw upon them a toil some multitude of Duties and Wants, it places them sometimes in the first rank, but it troubles their Repose with long Travail, Fear, and Grief.

## of this World. 37

Inf. 3. *Seeing the Fashion of the World passes away, we ought to be very moderate in the use of all our Comforts, and very patient under all our Losses; not to be too much elevated with any joyful thing, nor too much dejected with what is sad and troublesome, seeing the Laughters of the Pleasant and the Tears of the Sad will soon be past and gone. Job xi. 16. Thou shalt forget thy misery, and remember it as the waters that pass away.* When you have lost your Friends, consider, they could but have staid with you a little while longer; you are not to be astonished nor over-whelmed at the loss, as if some strange thing had happened to you, 'tis what is usual and very common: And tho' I know 'tis no relief to say that others are afflicted as well as you, and therefore you should not be concerned; for it is no ease to me, when I am in pain, to think that another is tormented at the same time, his Groans will not assuage my Pain; nor will his Ease and Health recover me, but yet I may be satisfied however with the common Lot of hu-

### 38 The Changeableness

man Nature, and with the Providence of God, who gives and takes away as it pleaseth him : Our Miseries and our Sorrows here may be very sharp, but they will not be very long ; our dark nights as well as our pleasant days quickly pass away ; our Health passes away, and so will our Sicknes too. And as to our holy Friends that are departed, we ought with joy to reflect on their Happiness, they are in the safe Pavilion whilst we are in the open Field ; they are safe at home, and we upon the dangerous Road : We should not grudge their early arriving at their Father's House, but make the more haste to be there ; if we loved them on Earth, we ought to love them still, and to congratulate their Happiness, they are actually possessors of that Blessedness which we are longing after, let us not be grieved for their Peace and Felicity. Might our holy Friends that are departed have Leave to speak to their mourning Relations they might be supposed to say after this or the like manner ; Weep not for us, but for your  
selves,

selves, for your own Miseries and your  
 own Sins, we are safe, we are in eternal  
 Peace, O make haste away from a dark  
 and wicked World, that you may come  
 and see the pleasant Light and this glori-  
 ous World that we are in ; we are loved  
 of God, and we are satisfied for all our  
 Prayers and Services when we were be-  
 low ; we rejoice, we praise, we love, and  
 are never weary, and Death, painful  
 Death, is past ; O long to joyn your An-  
 themns with ours, and to sing Hallelujahs  
 before the Throne to *our God and your*  
*God, and to the Lamb that was slain, and*  
*bath wash'd us from our Sins in his own*  
*Blood.* You that were the *Relations of*  
*the Deceased Mr. Hill*, have cause of hum-  
 ble resignation to the Will of God: You  
 have lost a Friend, but your God and  
 your Christ are still the same: Death has  
 taken your beloved Relation from your  
 sight, but it cannot take away your Love,  
 and Trust, and Hope in God. O blessed  
 are you for ever if so sad a Providence  
 as this make you more to think of and  
 more to prize a better World: Oh how



## 40 The Changeableness

sweet will even such a Cross as this be, if you have thereby the foretaste of Heaven and Glory! And certainly this Earth is less desirable than it was, seeing your dearest Friend is here no more. You have no cause to sorrow, as without hope, as those who have a despairing Grief, and know not where they are gone, whom they so lately parted with, 2 Sam. 12. 20, 21. Did not God wisely prepare you by degrees for such a stroke as this? Was it not a thing greatly afflicting to you to hear his Groans and Sighs, and to see him have so many restless and weary days and nights? and, Will you not rejoice that all this is over? It was to him *a sore and a painful Visitation*, of long continuance and acuteness too, but now he slumbers in the Grave. May I not say in this case, as our Saviour of *Lazarus*, in another, *our Friend Mr. Hill sleepeth*, he sleeps in Dust, but we hope to see him live again, we hope to see him and our selves, and all our holy Friends, that are gone before among the shining Train of Saints, who shall attend the glorious Appearance

## of this World.

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pearance of our Lord at that day, and how soon will it come? If we love our Friends, let us pray for the hastening of that happy season, and long to see that day begin to dawn; and let us take care in the mean while, to have our Hearts weaned from all the Comforts of this World, for what we too much love, we too vehemently bewail; a moderate Affection to any thing whilst we enjoy it, will be the surest way to prevent our excessive Grief when it is departed. I hope you will believe me not to be insensible for the greatness of your loss; I know that your Tears for him are very just, but I know that you have learned to submit, as he did, to the good Will of God. You might, in the ordinary course of Nature, have had him longer, but your Maker and his saw it to be the most proper season, and the most fit time for him to dye. And, oh what Thanks do you owe to God, that he preserved him during so long and so painful a Sickness, from all Desertion, from all inward Agonies

## 42 The Changeableness

nies and Terrors of Soul ; that though he was in great outward Darknes, yet he had inward Light ; whereas long Pain and sore Afflictions do commonly incline men to be unreasonably impatient, and to have very hard Thoughts of God, it was a mixture of Love that was put into his bitter Cup, and though he was forced to groan, which was the Language of Nature, yet he *always* said, Let the Will of the Lord be done, which was the voice of Grace ; and the same Rod that has afflicted you may give you Consolation, for it is the Rod of God ; and I hope I may say of your God too, you have lost your Friend, but it is but for a little time, and you and he shall meet again : I know you loved him with great tenderneſs, and ſo he loved you, but now he is paſſed away, never do you too much prize any thing in ſo vain a World : It is ſome Comfort that he dyed among you his Friends, who had ſo compaſſionately tended him during his illneſs, and who prayed for him, and called in others to aſſiſt you with their earneſt Prayers : G O D  
heard

## of this World. 43

heard those Prayers, he did not give him Deliverance, but he gave him Support, he made a way for his escape, tho' not in that manner which we would have desired, had it consisted with his holy Pleasure. He dyed in Peace, and we hope in a Bed of Triumph, and where we trust he fully overcame.

Inf. 4. *How great is the Folly of those that only mind and seek a World that is so very changeable?* 'Tis as if a man should with many Complements make Addresses to a Shadow, as if he should hugely admire and dote upon a Bubble; it would be Folly indeed, because the beloved Trifle does in the same moment that it is admired pass away. Greatly to esteem this World, is as if a man should adore a Cloud, and be mightily transported with looking on a drop of Water, which is immediately dissolved and vanish'd. The Folly of these Admirers of the World will more appear, if we consider the following particulars.

1<sup>st</sup>, They

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1st, *They simply hope to find something contrary to the Experience of all Mankind.* Every preceding Generation has found the World to be a meer Shew, a Dissembler, and a Cheat, and yet the men of the present Age think it to be throughout solid, and true in all its Promises and Offers to them. Their Fathers have told them that all is Vanity, and yet they will not believe, till their own dear and smart Experience fully convince them, that so it is. The Living and the Dying have spoke the same Language, and have groaned for the Miseries and the Deceits that they met withal in the pursuit of so vain a Shadow, and yet they will tire and vex themselves, as if nothing but what is smooth, and pleasant, and agreeable would happen to them all their days; they search for Ease among Thorns and Bryars, and for Joys pure and undisturbed in a Vale of Tears, and in a Passage where others have met with frequent Robberies and Dangers, they look for no molestation: This is an Instance of their miserable Blindness, not  
to

to see, that what they now admire draws them along with false Promises and Lyes. 'Tis an Instance of their Folly, not to take warning by the Smart and Pain of others, till they themselves begin to smart, tho' others have suffer'd many Shipwracks they hope always to sail in a calm Sea, and to escape the Miseries which human Nature has groaned under for many years. 'Tis as foolish as to imagine, that though their Ancestors, their Fathers, and many of their Acquaintance are dead, yet they shall never dye, and that the course of the World, and the nature of things will be changed purely for their sakes. 'Tis a very unwise thing to imagine that this earthly state, which hath been as a Wilderness to others, will be a Paradise to them.

2dly, *The Folly of those that pursue so changeable and transient a World as this, does appear in their earnest pursuit of it, whilst they neglect more solid and abiding Goods.* They taste no sweetness but in carnal Joys, see no amiableness in any thing, but what is suited to their Senses  
and

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and their Appetites; they are entirely governed by the Customs and Maxims of this Earth, and they chuse the Punishment of the Serpent, to grovel in the Dust; all their Projects and Contrivances reach no farther than this sensible narrow Sphere; they have no largeness of Thought, nor greatness of Soul, but are shrunk and contracted with mean, and trivial, and ordinary Designs; their intellectual Nature is drowned and swallowed up with corporeal secular Affairs, they have no Commerce with the World above, they forget and mind least those glorious Objects which best deserve their Thoughts, they are passionately eager after Vanity, and cold and dead, and backward to all spiritual and divine things. They have a Kingdom of Glory set before them, and unspeakable Treasures and Delights, and yet those whose Souls are capable of nobler Employments and Gratifications, like so many weak Children, they spend their time in following Butterflies, and gazing on a few painted Toys, which have nothing  
in

in them of substantial and real Value; for the tasting of a little Honey, they hazard the loss of their Lives, for the Smiles of this alluring World they venture on the Frowns of God; they resolve to be glad for one poor moment, though they mourn for ever; for a moments Honour and Applause they bring upon themselves an everlasting Reproach and Shame; for the Pleasures of this short and fading life, which in its best estate is composed of many miserable Days and Years, they lose their Souls, and fall under unspeakable Sorrows, for the Laughters, and Merriments, and Diversions of thirty, or forty, or fifty Years; for the enjoyment of the Creatures they part with their hope of seeing God; they trifle and delay their Preparation for another state; they mispend their time and waste their talents till they are called to their last account, and a doleful and irrevocable Sentence pass upon them; when War and Desolation are at the Door, they flatter themselves with the Thoughts of Peace, and will not believe that they are like



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like to perish till they are actually perished; will not believe that this their dear World and they shall part till they are in Hell; will not believe that they shall dye, till they are on the very Borders of Eternity, and when they depart, they know not what is proper to solace a departing Soul; they have been heaping up Treasures here, and when they come into the next World, they are altogether naked, and destitute, and forlorn: Oh, what unspeakable Folly is this, for a little Straw, or Dust, or Sand, to part with a Scepter and a Crown of Glory! They see a Beauty in this Earth, and no Form nor Comeliness at all in that Saviour whom Angels admire, and in whom all the Souls of the Saints in Heaven, and those upon Earth, find Satisfaction and Delight: A God that loves them, and that seeks their Welfare they forsake, and a World that hates, and cheats, and ruins them they dote upon: 'Tis as foolish as if a man should part with an easie Bed for a Bed of Flames, with an healthful quiet condition for War, and Sickness,  
and

and Blood, and Wounds, and Torment. Oh, what a defect of right Conduct, and of Reason, does this betray, to run after Appearances and slight Realities, to leave eternal Sweetness, and the Pleasures of an eternal Heaven, for Wormwood, and Gall, and Bitterness! And yet how are the thoughts of these Worldlings turn'd to every thing but that which they ought principally to mind! One is designing to contract honourable Alliances, and to encrease the Wealth and Grandeur of his Family; and another is studying night and day to compass some great and plausible Design, after which he hopes to be at rest, and every thing they find leisure to think upon that is trivial, and slight what is necessary.

3dly, *Another Instance of the Folly of those that inordinately pursue such a changeable World as this, that they judge amiss, and take that to be durable which is but transient; and that they take abundance of Pains for that which will never answer their Expectations, when the same labour and pains employed on other Ob-*

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## 50 The Changeableness

jects would make them very blessed : They promise themselves an Immortality from that which cannot withstand the violence of Fire and Water, and innumerable other things, which cause them to decay. *Psal. 49. 11. Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue for ever, and their dwelling places to all generations.* They call their *Lands after their own Names*, a very ridiculous thirst and desire of Honour; for, What better is a man that is sick for another's Health? What better is a poor decayed man for another's living in Pomp and Splendour? What better are they who are in the silent lonely Grave, for others dwelling in the great Houses which they reared, with vast Cost and Charge? And I might add, What better is a Soul in Hell for being talked of here on Earth? Oh, how little do the Applauses of his blinded Followers concern or relieve one that is abhorred and condemned of God? *Psal. 49. 13. This their way is their folly.* It takes them up a great while to be learned, or rich, or applauded, whereas they might

might be good in a much lesser space. Oh, what serious, what truly pleasant Entertainments might they have if those Thoughts which are laid out upon the World were fix'd on God! He would not be so false a Friend as that is; he would recreate and please them now and for evermore. To part with celestial Joys for those of this Earth, is as much Folly, is as if a man should hug a Feather and let a Treasure go; as if a man should cabinet a piece of shining Lead, and throw a Diamond away, a few unforeseen Distresses ruin all their Hopes. It is as ridiculous a Practice to expect Felicity from this changing ebbing World, as to think to be famous for many Ages for a few Sentences written on the moving Sand, which the next Tide will wash away. This arises from the powerful Impression that Sense has made upon them, and from a great want of Faith: This World is present and at hand, and they are like Children that only love what they see; whereas the Objects of Faith being more certain, though not so

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near as the things of this World, ought to raise all the Powers of their Souls in an uniform and steady pursuit of them. Oh, what abundance of pains do these Fools take, to make themselves miserable! they are Wise for their Bodies, and Fools for their Souls, which is as ridiculous, as if a man should take a great deal of care for Provender for his Horse, and suffer himself to starve to Death. O what Blindness is happen'd to them, that they chuse the World for their Portion instead of God, Sin instead of Holiness, and Hell instead of Heaven.

*4thly, Another Instance of their Folly is, their insensibleness of their real Wants.*

A guilty Soul that needs a Pardon slumbers, and dreams, and is pleased with the delusive Imaginations that its own Ignorance has brought upon it. What is more inexcusable, than for a man, for a Sinner, to dread Poverty, and outward Meanness, and Contempt, and not to be afraid of Hell, to live as if he were all Body, and had no Soul to save, to be fond of Life, never to think of Death, as if this  
would

would never perish, and that never come? O what benumbedness is it to be always seeking to make their own Salvation more difficult, by running into the crowd, and business, and hurry of this World, when without such Temptations the way to Heaven is streight and narrow! It argues a very depraved Judgment to imagine, that they were created and preserved meerly to please themselves, meerly to gratifie a sensual unruly Appetite in every thing that it craves and thirsts after, and then to be confident, as if there were no danger, when they know not but Death may take them away in the flower of their years, and the midst of all their Prosperities and Pleasures. Their poor Souls are neglected, but for this Body what vast pains do they take! they rise early and sit up late, they sweat, and toyl, and run to and fro with all possible vivacity, for its profit and delight; they are busie all the Day, and full of Thoughts at Night; when then they lyedown and when they awake their business is still running in

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their Heads ; for a great deal of this World they will deny their own Ease, and exhaust their Spirits, and waste their Strength, whereas for their Salvation they are altogether unconcern'd : Oh the Folly and the Misery of Men ! From all which we may

Inf. 5. *What a sad Prospect is it to look upon men in this their fallen state ?* A Creature that was once employ'd in the Contemplation of Heaven, is now bowed down to this Earth, and has his Thoughts, his Eyes, and his Heart fixed there. It is no doubt with wonder, that the blessed Angels from above look down upon us, whilst they see us fond of a passing World, and in the mean while Slighters of that glorious Place, where they live in the highest Joys. Here in our wicked Earth men are sheathing their Swords in the Bowels of one another, and for small and inconsiderable matters. Here the Covetous makes his Money his God, and sacrifices to it all his Time and Strength, gets it with abundance of toyl,  
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preserves it with anxiety, and loses it at length with grief and trouble, and unmans himself in the pursuit and regard of the infamous Object of his Adoration. Here the Proud sets himself out to be admir'd by mortal men, that must shortly dye, as well as he. Here the Voluptuous gives himself over to the most irrational Excesses and Debauches. Here Softness and Vanity, and a too great love of this Body, does almost every where prevail: And so sad a Sight as this may, as some express it, furnish us with just cause of Pity and Indignation at the same time; with Pity, because of our Folly; and with Indignation, because of our Corruption and our Sin; with Pity, because of our Frailty, and with Indignation, because we suffer our selves to be imposed upon with so many treacherous Charms and Insinuations of this World, *that passes away*. We are all of us very busie, and very few do that which is most fit and necessary to be done. The Precepts of our Saviour are very holy, and are designed to lead us to a Life very spiritual



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and divine, but our worldliness and sensual interests obstruct and hinder their excellent Design : The Affairs of a State that is to come would be more generally and seriously regarded, but that this visible World, with its gilded Temptations of Ease, Profit and Pleasure, and the like, turns away our Eyes from the Contemplation of those glorious Objects that are above. In how forlorn a case are the Sons of Men ? And if we cast our Eyes upon that part of the World which is called *Christendom*, what an hideous and deformed thing does it seem to be ! there one may see the Places and Lands where Christ is named, torn, and rent in a thousand pieces, one may see dreadful Superstitions and criminal Idolatries ; there one may see Fields covered with the Bodies of the Slain, and Brethren, for the sake of this miserable World, sheathing their Swords in the Bowels of one another ; there one may see a Monster, that calls himself *Most Christian*, acting like a *Devil*, and as a Lion after his Prey, devouring all within his reach, and assist-  
ing

ing, animating, and encouraging even the *Turks*, the common Enemies of our holy Religion; by his blessed Arms one may see noble and ancient Cities reduced to Ashes, and those Provinces that were as Paradises on Earth turned into a lonely Desert, every where almost in this World one may see Ambition, and Avarice, and Voluptuousness, and Luxury, and Excess, and a general Contempt of all holy things; so that it's almost in vain, as one says, to search for Christianity in *Christendome*, one may find it indeed in the Precepts of Christ, and the Writings of his Apostles, but in Nations, Churches, and Families, alas! very little is to be found.

Inf. 6. *Seeing the Fashion of this World passeth away, 'tis an Argument of the reality of the future State.* Men have here excellent Faculties, but the Objects and Entertainments of this World give them only a partial satisfaction, if they satisfy them at all: And can we think that so noble a Creature as Man, which  
has

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has several peculiar Capacities of Nature distinct from those of Brutes, should *perish* as they do? and that they, tho' inferiour to him, should be more durable than he is, what Appearance is there, to use the Reason of a Learned man, That the most excellent of the Creatures here below should have the least duration? If it be true, that the Diamond, the most noble, and the most precious of all Stones, or that Gold, the most pure and the most excellent of all Metals, are also more permanent, what appearance is there that the chief of the Works of God should expire without a Resurrection, and that he who is little less than the Angels, should be less in his duration than the Beasts that perish, that his Soul that is so sublime, so spiritual, and so penetrating, should be in the same condition with a Body so terrestrial and so infirm and frail? God has given us a Spirit that changes frequently its Desires, and Hopes, and Imaginations, but which in its Essence is immortal, and will surely live beyond the Grave; nor will it vanish and dissolve with our departing

parting Life. And why have we nobler Faculties than the Beasts that perish, but that they should be employed suitably to their spiritual Nature? We are capable of moral Government by Laws, which are enforced with Rewards and Punishments, to excite our Hopes and Fears, and these having a further Prospect than the present state and place where we now dwell, it should engage us to fix our Minds on what is future, seeing they are designed for it.

Inf. 7. *How excellent a thing is the Grace of God, that passes not away.* It suffers indeed under many Weaknesses from our Neglects, and from the violent Assaults of the Devil and the World, but it never does entirely pass away; it has many Combats and tedious hours of Conflict, but it is never quite overthrown; it has its Summer and its Winter, its pleasant and mourning days, but still it lives in every Storm, it has a powerful Pilot, and an Anchor fixed within the Veil; it has its Eclipses, its Tremblings,

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blings, and its Fears, but it shines forth again; the Grace of God does not leave us in our Distress, as the World is apt to do, it visits, it upholds, it solaces the Afflicted and the Miserable; it flows from the eternal purpose of God, and conducts and leads us to a blessed Eternity. *1 Joh. 2. 17. The World passeth away, and the lust thereof, but he that doth the will of God abideth for ever.* It does not finally suffer by the Alterations and Changes of the present time; it quenches the heat of Fires, it stops the mouths of Lions, it overcomes the last Enemy, and makes our Death to be the way to Glory; like a River, it gathers new strength and force by the length of its Progress, and ceases not till it have brought us to the Land of Promise; nay, some effects of this Grace will attend us thither: Our Meekness indeed, like its great Pattern *Moses*, will expire on this side the Land of Promise, for there will be no Miseries to bear; our Faith will be transported with the view of the glorious Object that it fixed upon,  
and

and be turned into sight ; our Hope will expire into a sweet Possession, but our Love and our Joy will not only go with us to the Grave, but to the Gate of Paradise, and will also enter in and dwell there, 1 Cor. 13. 6. When all the Praises of men are past and gone, this will fill our Mouths with eternal Praise ; when their Riches are corrupt and moulder'd away, this will never fade ; when their Joys are turned into weeping and wailing, this will still encrease in Pleasure, and be in every blessed moment of Eternity more and more joyful ; Grace is our Ornament and our Life, the Wicked are already dead in Sin, and how sad a Death do the lapsed Angels suffer under, because they are without the Grace of God ! They live, but if they had it in their power, they would quickly put a period to such a doleful miserable Life, that is Torment without any prospect of Ease or Comfort. The World is full of Deceit, but the Grace of God is altogether sincere and pure, it performs whatsoever it promises, and does for us at length

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length far beyond all our hopes ; it represses all the irregular motions of Nature, and by teaching us to mortifie our Appetites, our Sensualities, and our evil Inclinations teaches us the way to Blessedness ; it has indeed a strict Discipline, but innumerable Priviledges ; it lives in Obedience, but it is to the most high God ; it banishes our Idleness, but it gives us a great Reward ; it stifles our Ambition, but it confers upon us a Crown of Glory ; it teaches us to live in Comfort and to dye in Hope.

Inf. 9. *This shews us, that the Prosperity of wicked men affords no just cause of Complaint to good men.* It is not from what we see men to be in this changeable World that we are to pronounce them to be very happy or very miserable ; we envy not a man that is at ease for a day, and groans in painful Sicknes for a year afterwards ; we look with pity upon a Malefactor that has all the Joys and Entertainments of a Prison, but which is immediately succeeded with a  
re-

reproachful and terrible Execution ; we  
 suffer not our selves to be led aside with  
 the Glories of a Pageant, which is but for  
 the continuance of a day, and which we  
 know to have abundance more of shew  
 than of real value ; all that glister of the  
 Wicked, which now dazzles our Eyes,  
 will be torn away by Death ; here they  
 are respected, flatter'd, and adored by  
 poorer People, but what Respect will  
 they meet with in the next World, when  
 Devils shall be their Tormenters, and  
 God, Angels, and Saints will deride their  
 Folly ? Who would have desired the  
 Court-life of *Haman*, that had seen him  
 afterwards hanging on a Gibbet ? Who  
 would have long'd for the Merriment  
 and Entertainments of *Belshazzar*, that  
 had seen, as he did, a dreadful Hand-wri-  
 ting on the Wall ? He is not noble who  
 is not religious, he is not rich who has no  
 Treasure in Heaven, he is not honourable  
 whom God abhors, and that Joy is no  
 Joy, which is but of equal duration with  
 a fading World : The Wicked have  
 short Ease and long Torment, short  
 Laugh-



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Laughter and long Groans, a short Heaven in this Life, and an eternal Hell in that which is to come. Oh, how soon will the Frowns of Tyrants, their Menaces and Threats pass away ! How soon will they make no more noise and commotion in the World ? How soon will all the men of Might have slept their Sleep, and be no more ? How soon will the man of business be taken from it ? How soon will all the Coaches, and the Retinue and Attendance of the Rich and Honourable, and the Great be no more serviceable to them ? *Psal. 37. 35.* I, and whilst they are here, innumerable Accidents may disturb and overthrow their present Happiness ; Fire may destroy their Houses, and Storms their Ships ; Sicknes may ruin their Health, and Death will take their Lives away ; they are easie, and brisk, and pleasant, for a little while, and 'tis but a little while indeed, seeing the Miseries of human Life are innumerable and unavoidable. Oh, how soon will all their Glory and their fine appearance turn to Dust and Smoak ! one day they  
fare

fare deliciously, and the next they are in Hell; one day they look with admiration on themselves, and on the World, and the next they lift up their Eyes in Torments. *I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green Bay-tree, yet he passed away, and lo, he was not; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.*

Inf. 10. *Seeing the Fashion of this World passes away, we see that Afflictions are not unuseful, because they wean us from it.* We all too much admire it, till it trouble, and vex, and injure us, till we find by unavoidable Pains, and Sorrows, and Calamities, that here is not our home. And 'tis natural for the Sick to wish for Ease, and for the Weary to long to be at rest: Heaven would have fewer of our Thoughts, and of our Hopes, if we were not driven to that blessed Harbour even by Storms and contrary Winds. The Creature too often does engage our Hearts, till Afflictions and sharp Tryals make all its Glory to wither and decay,

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## 66 The Changeableness

and then we form the truest Judgments of things, when the leisure of our Adversity affords us more opportunity to reflect upon them ; it is then that we think quite differently from what we did in the time of our undisturbed Ease ; it is then that we see the Vanity, the Deceitfulness, and the Insufficiency of this World, and the absolute need we have of better things, and of an Interest in an *Unchangeable and Eternal God*. Afflictions deaden our too great love of what is present, and make us solicitous for something more durable and more satisfying, that is yet to come. Our outward Weakness does very frequently diminish the strength and the power of Sin, and the efficacious Vigor of Grace is most displayed when our outward Circumstances are very low, and no man but one extremely blind can doat upon a frowning World, tho' all that we suffer here is *not worthy to be compared with that Glory which shall be revealed in us* : And in hope of this the *Martyrs of Christ* would not be delivered when they might,  
and

and chose a painful Death for him rather than to live an easie Life to his dishonour. How little did all the soft Temptations of this World, all its Honours, Riches, and Pleasures prevail with those happy Souls! they left Earth, and they obtained Heaven; they were scorned of men, and they were accepted of their God; this World was not worthy of them, and they did not think it worthy of their Hearts; they took their flight from an unquiet Earth to a cheerful place of Rest; they despised these vile things for those that were truly precious, these Temporals for Eternals, these visible for such as were invisible; and the knowledge of the vanity of whatsoever is below preserves good men from those Cringings and Flatteries, and many mean and unbecoming Arts which others use, that so they may rise and be advanced: Their Religion and their Hope of Heaven fills them with a certain *Greatness of Soul*, which causes them to look with Indifference on the Goods or Evils of the present Life; their Groans are not very  
F 2 deep

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deep, because they know their Pain will soon be past ; they are not transported with excessive Joys, because they know they vanish in a moment ; they know that every sad and every lovely thing is of a very small continuance, and therefore neither much to be feared nor doated on.

Inf. II. *Seeing the Fashion of this World passes away, we ought not to boast or glory in any thing that relates to so vain a state.* Let not him that is neatly and richly clothed scorn his Neighbour who wears a meaner and a more ordinary Garb ; let him not be so simple as to think himself either more good or more witty, because the World has smiled more on him than another man ; let not him that is in Health shun the Conversation of the Sick that need assistance, for he himself has a very frail and brittle Constitution ; though you be compassed about with your Friends and Pleasures, look not upon them that have fewer Friends and Pleasures with Disdain, for  
there

there are innumerable Casualties and Disasters, that may take them all away : Let not him that is advanced scorn his Brother that is in a low degree ; despise not such whom cross Providences have made to be of little figure in the World, for many persons of good Credit and Reputation have not been able to prevent their own decay : How many that once rode on Horseback are now forced to walk on foot ? How many that once flourish'd in Silks, and knew scarce how to touch the Ground with their tender Feet, and would not stir abroad without a Coach, are now forced to wear very mean Clothes, and to walk alone untended, unobserved, and unrespected ?

Now, to preserve you from too much admiring what is present, take the following Directions.

I. *Look upon the Evil of the World, as well as upon its Goods.* The Devil commonly makes the Glory of this World to pass before our Eyes, but hides the Miseries and Troubles of it ; for indeed,

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these cloud and spoil all its Beauty : And I wonder not at the Saying of some old Philosophers , ‘ That if a man knew  
 ‘ what he were to suffer here on Earth,  
 ‘ he would either chuse not to be born,  
 ‘ or dye as soon as he saw the Light.  
 How many terrible things are there to one that is very pleasant ? We have now perhaps a Calm, but how soon will a Storm come ? In this World we live as if all things would please and humour us, and be just such as we would have them to be ; but we must consider that we are in a Pilgrimage, and our days are both few and evil. How many long and stormy Winters, and how few of our Summers are without cold Blasts, and Lightning, and Thunder, and Sicknefs, and other troublesome and uneasie things ? What Diseases prey upon our Health ! what Wars and Commotions disturb our Peace ! what Fears, what sad Presages, what threatning Clouds make us melancholly and afraid ! what Grievs have we from our own Pains, and from those of our Neighbors, and our  
 Friends,

Friends, whom we dearly love, how soon must they leave us, and we them ! This World is full of Losses and Treacheries, and Persecutions, and Violence, of Thirst and Hunger ; here we are many times roasted as it were with excessive Heat, and at other times frozen and benumbed with excessive Cold ; so that we must be in a restless and miserable state, if we look no further : Our best Seasons are chequer'd with attending Evils ; our Idleness is troublesome, and so is our Labour too : In publick, and in secret, in solitude and in conversation we meet with many things that are uneasie to us. There is no action, no person, no place, but which is full of Vanity ; every Employment, and every Place is full of Snares ; therefore we may justly say with a very devout person, \* *O when shall I fully taste, O my Lord God, how sweet thou art ? When shall I perceive and know thee to be my All ?* Now I groan and labour under my Infelicities with Grief, because many Evils occur to me in this

\* *Tho. d Kempis, de Imit. Christi, lib. 3. cap. 21.*



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Vale of Tears, which often make me sad, and cloud my Thoughts, often hinder and distract me, often entangle and allure me, that I cannot have free access to thee. Let my sighing and manifold desolation in this Earth move thee, *O my Jesus*, thou great Light of those that are in Darkness, thou true Comforter of a distressed and a weary Soul, O come to me, that am in sorrow, and make me glad ; *come, come*, for I cannot have a pleasant day or hour without thee, for thou art my Delight ; here I am, O Lord, for thou hast called me, and nothing will please me but thy self, *O my God, my Hope, and my Salvation.*

II. *Often converse with the Inhabitants of the World above.* By Faith you may pierce within the Veil ; by Faith you may see the Glory of God, and even now joyn with Angels and Saints in Praises and Hallelujahs. Let us often in our Thoughts visit the Court of Heaven, and be pleased to think of those glorious Angels, who are so full of Love, that are  
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concerned for our Welfare, and rejoyce when we are in the way to their blessed Heaven ; we should love them again, as having so many Beams of Holiness far more shining than any that are in the Saints below ; and if we are the Servants of God, we are obliged to think upon them, for they are our Guard, and encamp round about us ; the Conversation of this World has its Weakness and Imperfection, but the Society of such knowing, such pure and amiable Creatures, will yield us Comfort, and bring no Trouble with it. And we must also by Faith converse with the blessed Saints now in Glory, they are now perfect in every sweet and lovely thing, their Opinions and their Thoughts are all the same, there is no Ignorance, no Envy, no false Reports among them, they are gone from our World, and long not to live here again ; they love, but it is God himself that their Hearts are fixed upon ; they would not leave their shining Robes, and their splendid Habitation, to be clothed on Earth with Purple, or any rich Attire  
what-

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whatsoever : We should be zealous in our Endeavours to be there where they are ; you are in the Desert, but cast your Eyes often on the Land of *Canaan*, breath after those Crowns, and Honours, and Employments that are above : How far is their blessed Work above that which most of our fellow-Creatures here are engaged about ? They marry not, they do not eat and drink, nor buy, nor sell, but they love God, and they are loved of him, they see his Face, they adore his Majesty, they taste his Goodness, let us imitate their Graces, and long to be in their pure and durable Habitation ; there, as one says, they contemplate God by the light of his Glory ; here must we contemplate him by the Light of Faith ; there they adore him, as the Object of their Felicity, and we must adore him as the Fountain of our Consolation : They celebrate and bless our Saviour for having redeemed them from everlasting Damnation, and brought them to his glorious Immortality ; and we must bless him, that he has by his Merit purchased

Rest

## of this World. 75

Rest for us, and given us Hope by his blessed Spirit. Our Earth is but as a Cottage to their Palace, and not to be mention'd, not to be compared with the highest Heavens, that are full of Angels and Archangels, and happy Souls. Heaven, without doubt, is the most glorious part of God's Creation, that ample Theatre, where his Wisdom, and Goodness, and Love, and his other Perfections, will be most eminently displayed. Oh, let us long to love, and to rejoyce, and to sing as they do that are above; let us maintain a Commerce with their World by daily Thoughts, and Hopes, and Meditations; oh, let us long to be Associates with the Citizens of Heaven, and to be invested with their Priviledges, it is a great Honour but such an Honour as we poor Exiles are by Command obliged to breathe after. Our Bitterness and Trouble here is designed to make us thirst for those Rivers of Pleasure that are for evermore.

III. *Look*

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III: *Look upon the departing World, and see with what face it then appears.* It is now perhaps in its Flower and blooming Beauty, but a few years hence you shall see it withered and decayed. This World will surely leave you; nay, it will bring you to Distress and Danger, and leave you too. The truest Preservative against Sin, is to consider what a Farewel it has, whether it be so pleasant at last as it is at first; Sickness and Death will pull off the Mask under which it now appears, and shew it to be, under all its fine Dress, a ghastly, deformed, ugly thing, and that in all its Sweetness there was an ugly Venome; it enslaves whilst it flatters; its Pleasures are all false, short, and superficial; we may do that against God in one moment which may procure us very long and bitter Sorrows; Sin leads us on in a smooth path, but it descends towards Hell and Woe. Consider what the World is in the hour of Death, with what Convulsions, with what Amazements it  
tears

tears and distracts a Soul that fain *would* stay, and cannot. Oh, what is the World at the Door of Eternity? What is it to a Soul that is going thither? What are then all its Goods, its Honours, Riches, and Pleasures, that one moment of dying destroys all our earthly Hopes, effaces and annihilates all our Beauties; in that moment, to an impenitent Sinner, Hell is open'd, and in vain does he then cry, *O World! thou hast cheated and deceived me.* At that Season it is that many an one cries, Oh that I had taken as much care to please God, as to please my self and mine own Appetites; O that I had spent as much time for my Salvation, as I did to be rich and great; O that I had thought of Heaven as often as I thought of Earth, then I might have had hopes of going thither, but now my unprepared Soul knows not where to go, I am going to be cut down by the stroke of Death, and alas, I am not ready for it; must I have no more time, no more Sabbaths, nor days of Grace, nor any more of the Invitations and Calls of God? O what will

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will become of me? I was often told, my Worldliness, and my dallying and sporting with holy things, would ruin me, and I did not believe it, and now I must be driven out of that very World that I so much doated upon. How little a while does all our Life seem to be when Death is come, it appears but as a very small and fleeting thing? Some pass their short days in Abundance, and others in Poverty, some triumph, and others are unhappy, but how small a difference is there between the raining and the fair day when the night is come: What will you think of all your Business, your Trade, your Designs and Projects, when the hour is come in which you must be told, that there is no hope of Life? such News will pierce you to the quick, you'll cast your sad Eyes on a departing World, and wonder at your own Folly; with what Regret, and with what Anguish will you then look upon it, when it will do no more for you, when after all the time and strength that you have laid out upon it, it will leave you to perish? O  
ye

ye Worldlings, how will you then wish to have lived at another rate than you now do! What will all your Friendships, your Alliances, your Honours, and your Comforts signifie at such a doleful season, when you will mourn, and others that behold you weep also, but neither your Tears nor theirs can obtain a Reprieve? Then you'll howl, and lament, and be astonish'd, and quake with Horror, when you see that for a few years Joy you must be sad for ever, and for ever; in one instant Death will batter down all your Confidence, in one instant it will give the blow, and you shall feel the effects of that stroke to all Eternity. God, as some have observed, has doubled the Organ<sup>s</sup> of our Senses, and the principal parts of our Bodies, to the end that the defect of one may be supply'd by the excellency and perfection of the other that remains: We have two Eyes, that if one fail, we may be comforted by the other; we have two Feet, and two Hands, and one of these will serve us for action when the other is disserviceable, but



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but all our Happiness or Misery to come depends upon one death, if we miscarry once we are undone for ever.

IV. *Do not abuse this World that passes away.* Strive to act your part well whilst you are here, that you may not be unprovided when your Soul is in the separated state; quit your selves like Christians in your distinct and proper stations; be seriously good, and charitable, and of publick Spirits; consider that you are but Stewards, and it is required of such that they *be faithful*, 1 Cor. 4. 12. we must not waste what Estate or Plenty God hath given us, for our Estates are his, we must with great care spend our time, for it is his day in which we work; we must frequently speak for him, for our Tongues are not our own, nor is our Health, or Strength, or any thing we enjoy our own. God has set us a Task to do, and that is to rule our Passions, to correct our Faults, and to grow in Knowledge, in Faith, and Hope, and Love, and Mortification, to use in a  
right

right manner, and to a right end, all the Gifts and Graces of the Holy Ghost ; all that have the name of Christian must be serviceable to their Master's Glory, and lay themselves out for him. 'Tis true, some have more Advantages, and greater Helps than others, they have brighter Understandings and clearer Apprehensions, and more Liveliness and Vigor ; some have a more honourable station, and are dignified with a more illustrious Character than others, so are Magistrates and Ministers ; some have five Talents, and some but one, yet all may do something or other for their common Lord, the Rich may honour him with their Substance, and the Poor with their Patience ; the Knowing and the Learned may glorifie him with their Wit and Parts, and the less enlighten'd may glorifie him with their Teachableness and Humility ; the Healthful may glorifie him with the zeal and the flower of their Strength, and the Sick by the calmness of their Resignation ; the Great and the Noble may glorifie him by the Lustre of

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a more spreading example of Religion, and the meaner sort of People by their Holiness and Contentment in a low estate: He that is a Father must glorifie Him by instructing his Family, and labouring for their Salvation, and Children must be obedient, and profit under the Instructions and Corrections of their Parents; those that are in publick Trust must be faithful to their Trust, and regard more the Common Good than their own Advantage; and all that have the charge of Souls, must take care that they do not suffer them to perish by their negligence and sloth: Those that are full of Business must beware of a too great love of this World, and sanctifie their whole Affairs with an abiding sense of God; and those that have leisure must imploy their more happy Talent, and their pleasant Retirement, in gaining more Knowledge, and in frequent Meditation. There are variety of Gifts of God, and all are useful to the whole: *There are many members, and but one body, and the eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee, nor again*

*again the head to the feet, I have no need of you, 1 Cor. xii. 21.* Every man hath his proper Gift of God, one after this manner, and another after that, *1 Cor. vii. 7.* and the several different measures of Grace among Christians cause the Tents of *Jacob* to be more amiable, as the Hills and Valleys, the taller Trees and the lesser Shrubs, all contribute to the good order and the beauty of the Universe ; and there is no Servant of Christ, how mean soever, but hath his Talent, by the good use of which he may set forth his Master's Praise, and promote his Interest ; therefore often remember the Precept of the Apostle, *That you use the World as not abusing it*, and beware of too eager desires of it ; 'tis the same Advice which our Saviour himself gives, *Luke xii. 15. Take heed, and beware of covetousness*, 'tis an Enemy which insinuates itself under so many specious names, that 'tis scarcely to be discerned ; 'tis an Enemy that wears the deceitful colours of Lawfulness and Necessity ; 'tis lawful and necessary to pursue your seve-

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ral Callings, 'tis lawful and necessary to provide for your Families, and to have wherewithal to abound in good Works, and to give to the Poor, but beware, lest under these fair pretences a covetous and over-eager desire of this World creep into your Hearts. Though you move in a lower sphere than others, yet you may go as safely and as comfortably to the Grave as they. Remember you are but Stewards, and a very strict account will be taken of all that you enjoy ; use your Riches, your Comforts, and your Friends with so much indifference and moderation, as not to hinder your wise and early Preparations for Eternity ; use them so, as that you may with Peace reflect upon that usage when you are to dye ; if you have more of the World than others, be more serviceable, but be not more extravagant, and luxurious, and profuse, for so you will encrease your Condemnation : Do not for this World cheat, or dissemble, or lye, or oppress your Neighbors, for you see it quickly passes away. God does not forbid you  
the

## of this World. 85

the use of your Goods and of your Pleasures, He has created abundance of agreeable things for your delight, but then they must not have more of your Time, and of your Thoughts, and of your Hearts than He has : If you be proud of what you have, or are swallowed up with criminal Recreations ; if you admire your Bodies, and neglect your Souls ; if you are covetous and uncharitable to the Poor ; if for the sake of any thing here you commit a Sin, and hazard your Salvation ; if your Business and Trade cause you to neglect the Scriptures, or private or Family-prayer, you are then Abusers of the World : If you make your own Case your End, and are ingrateful to God, and cold in the promoting of his Glory, 'tis a sign that you have all your Portion here, and that you have none of his. To relieve you under the sad Contemplations of so vain a World, you may hope for the Renovation of this World, and for its deliverance from its present state of Sin and Vanity. 2 Pet. iii. 12.

*In the day of God the Heavens being on  
G 3 fire,*

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fire, shall be dissolved, and the Elements melt with fervent heat : Nevertheless, says he v. 13, we, according to his promise, look for new Heavens, and a new Earth, wherein dwelleth Righteousness. Here's no room for Allegories or allegorical Expositions, unless we will make the Conflagration of the World an Allegory ; for, as Heavens and Earth were destroyed, so Heavens and Earth are restored ; and if in the first place you understand the natural material World, you must also understand it in the second place, thus are both Allegories, or neither : But to make the Conflagration an Allegory, is not only to contradict *S. Peter*, but all Antiquity, sacred or prophane. And I desire no more assurance that we shall have new Heavens and a new Earth, in a literal sense, than we have that the present Heavens and Earth shall be destroyed in a literal sense, and by material Fire, *Dr. Burnet's Theory of the Earth, Book 4. P. 132. Ed. 2.* where those that are dissatisfied may see many Arguments confirming this Opinion, very well deduced from

from the Scriptures, which, I suppose, may not only relate to the Gospel Dispensation, wherein the old Opinions, and Customs, and Manners of Men were strangely changed, but to that state of this Earth, which will succeed the general Conflagration, when all the Creatures shall be delivered from the Bondage that they are now groaning under, because of our Sin. I shall not here give you mine own Opinion, lest I should be thought to be a setter forth of new Doctrines, for I am far from a curious inclination to be the Author of some new notions, and far would I be from diverting the Minds of any from serious Godliness, but if it be a Scripture-Truth, and as old as the days of *David*, and of the Apostles, it must not be buried in silence. To the fore-mentioned place of Scripture these may be added, for those to consider who think this not probable, *Psal.* 102. 27. *Eccl.* 1. 4. and especially *Rom.* 8. 19, 20, 21, 22. *Rev.* 21. 1. And to these which make it very probable I shall add, first, the Opinion of Monsieur *Morus*, hereto-



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fore an eminent Divine amongst the Protestants in *France*, and secondly, the Opinion of Mr. *Charnock*, whom all believe to be a solid and learned Divine; the following words I have from the French Minister, and those that please may consult him in his Sermons in 8vo, in French, where, in Page 541, he says as follows.

‘ Then all those Disorders which our  
‘ Fall occasion’d here shall be fully re-  
‘ moved, and the World having been re-  
‘ fined with Fire, shall come forth as  
‘ Gold shining with every pleasant and  
‘ lovely thing, and then the Servants of  
‘ God shall have a glorious Liberty, and  
‘ never be mingled with the Wicked, and  
‘ never be persecuted or distressed any  
‘ more; then this cursed Earth shall be  
‘ blessed, it shall never tremble with  
‘ Earthquakes, never be steeped in Inun-  
‘ dations, never be defiled with War and  
‘ Blood any more, no more Storms or  
‘ Tempests shall make it afraid, no more  
‘ shall it bring forth Thorns and Bryars,  
‘ no more shall it be forced to be fruitful,  
‘ but

'but it shall flourish with an eternal  
 'Spring, and every part of it shall be a  
 'Paradise; it shall be no more trod upon  
 'by Blasphemers and Haters of God, it  
 'shall be full of beauty, and shall have  
 'Spectators worthy of itself; the Crea-  
 'tures shall no more be touched with  
 'impure Hands, nor shall it ever be again  
 'subject to the Wicked, whom it once  
 'served with regret; an eternal Peace  
 'shall then flourish in this great Universe,  
 'nor shall it be disturbed with any  
 'strange events; every thing shall have,  
 'without variation, the most accom-  
 'plished and the most happy form that is  
 'agreeable to its nature; and in fine, the  
 'Creatures shall be new clothed with all  
 'the Qualities that are proportionable  
 'to the immortal state of the World to  
 'come, having entirely quitted all the  
 'Seeds of those ruinous Alterations that  
 'it had before; and as the Earth hath  
 'now the marks and blemishes of the  
 'malediction and disgrace of Man, so in  
 'that Change it shall have the characters  
 'and impressions of his Glory, and it  
 'shall

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‘ shall be as an illustrious Monument of  
‘ his Felicity. And the Reason (as he  
goes on) of those is vain, who conclude  
the World must entirely perish, because  
they know not to what use it will then  
serve for: Say they, What need will  
there be of the Earth and the Water, of  
Air and Fire, seeing we shall no more  
have need of the Winds for Navigation,  
nor of Houses to inhabit, nor of the Ani-  
mals to serve, nor of Fruits to nourish. &c.  
He answers, Altho’ this Change should  
serve for nothing, but as a mark of the  
glorious Liberty of the Children of God,  
in which it were to share, this sole use of  
it would be sufficient reason of preserving  
it; the renewed World shall be an ever-  
lasting Witness of the entire abolition of  
Sin, and of the full establishment of the  
Servants of God in his Favour; and it  
may also greatly manifest the Glory of  
its Restorer, God may replant there more  
than ever the marks of his Bounty, Po-  
wer, and Wisdom, which may to his ad-  
miring Saints furnish eternal Subjects of  
Praise and Hallelujahs. And it approa-  
ches

## of this World. 91

ches, as he says, near to rashness, to abolish or extenuate the number of the Creatures, because we know not how they are serviceable to men, there are abundance of Creatures now, whereof we do not know what the use would have been, if *Adam* had never sinned. The Apostle does not say in this Text, that the Substance of the World shall pass away, but only the Fashion of it. See *Psal. cii. 27.* The Heavens shall perish, the appearance they now have shall vanish, and a more glorious and incorruptible frame be erected, by the Power and Goodness of God. God, as a learned Divine says, will take down this Scaffold, which he hath built to publish his Glory : As every Individual hath a certain term of its duration, so an end is appointed for the universal nature of Heaven and Earth ; *Isa. 51. 6.* *The Heavens shall vanish like smook ;* which disappears as Smoak, is resolved and attenuated into Air, not annihilated, so shall the World assume a new face, and have a greater clearness and splendor, as the Bodies of men dissolved into Dust shall

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shall have more glorious Qualities in the Resurrection, as a Vessel of Gold is melted down, to remove the batterings in it, and receive a more comely form by the Skill of the Workman. See more in Mr. *Charnock's* excellent *Discourse on God's Immutability*. And I desire my Readers to forbear censuring this Opinion, till they have calmly read what he says in the three first Leafs of that Discourse; if this Opinion should not be true, one would wish it were it is so very pleasant.

But though it be greatly probable, that such a blessed Change this World of ours shall receive, yet our present Work is to be fit for Death; to believe in Jesus, and obey his Will, and having so done, whatsoever happy Alterations he will make in this Creation, we shall be Sharrers in them, and which will make it more happy for us, He and we shall never part; for such is the Lot of those that shall *be accounted worthy to obtain that World, and the Resurrection from the Dead*.

Conf.

Conf. 1. *How little our blessed Redeemer esteemed all the Pomp and Glory of this vain World.* He might have had a Train of Kings to follow him if he had pleased; he could have made them to have laid their Crowns and Scepters at his Feet, but he chose Fishermen for his Companions, men of mean Education, of ordinary Parts, void of all that Eloquence and Learning, and those other graceful Qualifications of Art, that are very taking in the Eyes of men, and of those so illiterate and so mean in their outward circumstances he made Apostles: He did not love such pompous Vanities as our Ignorance causes us frequently to doat upon; he valued not Riches, or splendid Habitations, or Honour and Applause, he lived in a voluntary Poverty, that by his excellent Precepts and Example we might be raised to the pursuit of eternal Treasures: And as an Instance of his undervaluing this World, he died sometimes, he left this Earth a little after he was Thirty years old, and he would have stayed

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stayed longer in it had he thought it to have been so every way excellent, and suitable, and desirable, as our meaner Apprehensions do generally judge it is. Out of this World he is every day gathering some or other of his Servants, that they may live with him in his own Kingdom, which is a far better place.

Conf. 2. *The due use of these fore-mention'd Directions will fit you to leave this World, and to dye in Peace.* Whereas with the greatest part of men it is far otherwise, for when God summons them by Death, they have several things to do before they can obey his Call. One says, Lord, let me live to see this or that Child disposed of, or to enjoy this or that worldly Comfort, which I have greatly desir'd, and then I will obey thy Call. And another is saying, Lord, let me live longer, that I may call to mind the past Errors of my Life; give me more space wherein to repent, and then I also will obey thy Call. The young man says, Lord, let me live till my days draw to-wards

## of this World. 95

wards Old-age, let thy Sun shine upon me as long as it has done on any others of my Acquaintance, and then I will be very willing to depart. Thus the most are so habituated to the consideration and the love of present things, that they are entirely Strangers to those which are future and immortal; they would fain excuse themselves from dying, and when Death comes to fetch them to another World, they have some Project or another, for this still running in their Heads, and which they do not part with till their Breath is gone; but you, by a wiser improvement of your time will be in a fit preparation to remove hence, and have a new Dwelling to receive you, when you are made to quit your former Habitation; you will be of the number of those happy Travellers to Eternity, who dye not by surprize, because they are always on the Road that leads to the blessed place above: Nor will Death amaze you, because you have a thousand and a thousand times meditated what it is to dye, and what is requisite to so vast



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a Change ; you will be acquainted with that Saviour who hath divested Death of all its poisonous and hurtful Qualities : Death will be to you as a sweet and agreeable Sleep ; nor will it be terrible to you, though it is so to others, because it snatches from them all the dear Objects of their Love ; when it dissolves your present Frame, it will unite you to that supreme Good which you have been sighing after ; to you it will appear with a sweet and amiable Face, for it will accomplish for you many blessed things, and you shall be in all respects very happy : For, as one says, happy are they not who possess great Riches, seeing the Rich when he dies shall carry nothing away with him : Happy are they not who command others, seeing Death will deprive them of all their Dignities, and in the Grave the Great and the Poor are treated both alike : Happy are those not who laugh, and taste the Pleasures of this World, seeing Death will change their Laughter into Sadness, and their last hour will be full of Gall and Bitterness ; but,  
*blessed*

*blessed are the dead that dye in the Lord,*  
and so they dye who have their Hearts  
weaned from the World.

Conf. 3. *Where those persons now  
are that once over-admir'd so vain a World  
as this.* The former Generations were  
as busie, and as throng, and as eager af-  
ter the World as the men of this, but  
they and their Cares, they and their foo-  
lish Imaginations are past off the Stage:  
Though their Lands are now called after  
their own Names, and though they gave  
a Rise to those Families who flourish in  
this Age, with the Remainders of those  
Estates, which their Industry and Money  
purchased; yet alas, what does it profit  
them? What are they the better for  
their pompous and swelling Titles, see-  
ing they are fallen into everlasting Dis-  
grace, and their Names are blotted out  
of the Book of Life? The departure of  
such Worldlings leaves us these and the  
like Warnings. Dispose your selves to  
remove, for in a little time you may be  
with us: We doated on the Vapour of

H our

## 98 The Changeableness

our Life as much as you, we courted, and flatter'd, and admir'd the World; but all our Riches, and all the Friends we had by their means, could not save us from the last Arrest : We flourish'd with as fair a Green, and had as kind a Spring as you, but soon did our Winter come ; our Morning was as clear as yours, and the dawning of our Day promised us the continuance of a long and easie Life, but quickly were we forced to part with our dearly-beloved World ; quickly did the God of our Lives call us away, though we mock'd at his Messengers, and defied his Threats, yet we have found him to be a very just and terrible God ; and if you tread in our steps, and over-admire the World, as we did, you will find him to be so : Our Vapour shone with as bright a glaring as yours does ; we seem'd to our Neighbours to be very great and considerable persons, and because we could number many Bags, and tell many Pounds that were our own, we thought of our selves as highly as they did, but the moment of our death has undeceived

us, and alas, this sight of our Error came too late to be redrest; we counted upon many years in store, and even when our time to dye was come, thought that dismal hour far off: We are now no better for being discoursed and talked of by those that are alive; we are no better for having our Names sung in Verse, or engraven on the Marble of our Tomb: We are now no better for all our Gain and Profit, it was procured with Grief, maintained with Fear, and lost with Mourning. And indeed, all their Greatness and Riches could only procure a more pompous Funeral, and a greater throng of invited Friends to follow them, and a more costly place in the Church to lye in, but they have no more freedom from Corruption there than in the common Graves.

The remaining part of my Discourse I would address to YOUNG PERSONS, especially seeing this Auditory does principally consist of such: You that have lived but a while, think the World a very fine  
H 2 place,

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place, but you little know what Changes and Alterations you shall meet withal; fore Afflictions may come upon you, that will damp all your vain Pleasures, your Joys, and your foolish Hopes: You love liberty to walk abroad, and to gratifie your selves in every delightful thing, but how soon will you be confined by Sicknes? How soon will the shadow of Death be spread upon you, and therefore take this Advice; *Consider how many are past into the other World even in their Youth.* Reflect and think how within the space of Ten or Twelve Years many of your Acquaintance are dead and gone, many that were of a stronger make than you, many that looked for many Years to come, and for Old-Age as well as you. How have you seen those that used to rejoyce in the free Air, to be in a lonely Chamber, and those that were most sociable, not able perhaps to bear any company; and those that were brisk and strong, to be weak and faint; and will

will not this, in a little time, be your own case? Oh, how little did they then prize the World! how were all their Hopes dash'd, and all their Joys vanish'd! And will it not be so with you in a very little time? Oh, think where those young men now dwell that are gone before; those that were most full of excellent Humour and entertaining Discourse, are now in the silent Grave, and every one of their *Graves* calls to you in this Language; Here lies one, now mouldering in the Dust, that a little while ago had as firm a Constitution, and as much Health and Strength as you: Here lies the Head that was full of as many Contrivances, and Hopes, and Expectations as yours are, but now it projects and contrives no more: Here lies a Body in the cold Bed of Earth, that was as tender, and as delicate, and as afraid of every thing that was ingrateful to its Senses, as you are: Here lies the Creature called a Man, that used to walk the Street in a hurry after Busi-

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ness, and in as genteel a Garb as others do that are alive, but the same God that has confined it to so obscure and so dark a Dwelling, and in the Church-yards and the Vaults of the Dead; there is no distinction between the learned and unlearned, the richer and the poorer Dust, in a little while it has all the same form, and retains no marks of that Grandeur, or Greatness, or handsome Carriage which made it remarkable while it was on Earth. Here is nothing to tell who it was that was applauded, and flatter'd, and esteem'd by mortal Men; nor who it was that spent his time to buy, and sell, and get Gain. Nothing ruins young men more than putting off the serious consideration of the day of Death: They consider, it is a troublesome and melancholly Subject to think upon, and this might do pretty well, were not they themselves to dyë, and for ought they know, to dye betimes. Oh Sirs! consider how soon you, even you, may be in your long Eternity. Oh! pre-

prepare now, lest you be there un-  
 awares, lest you go from a pleasant  
 World to a World of Torture, lest you  
 go from a World of Joy to a World  
 of Anguish and Vexation. Suppose you  
 should dye, and not be fit for Death,  
 what Amazement and Consternation  
 would seize you then? Oh prepare,  
 for you may have long Pain before you  
 dye. *Our departed Friend* was afflicted  
 for many Months with a Distemper  
 for which there was no Relief, and un-  
 der which he kept his Bed for *about*  
*Twenty Weeks*, and had not, but in the  
 intervals of Sleep, occasion'd with stu-  
 pifying Potions, scarce a moments ease  
 from Pain, and if it be your Lot to be  
 so long as he was in the shadow of  
 Death, how will your Hands endure or  
 your Hearts be strong? Such Pain will  
 tire out your Spirits; such Pain will in-  
 dispose you for every good thing. Oh  
 improve your Health, for Sickness is  
 no proper Season wherein to begin to  
 be religious; your Thoughts will be  
 perplexed, your Minds will be unhin-



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ged, and you'll be every way listless, for Prayer, or any other Duty, of which our Friend was so sensible, that he sometimes said, *It is well that I had not my Work now to do, for if I had, I could not have done it.* When you come to be diseased, and to have scarce any Visitants but a *Doctor* or *Apothecary*; when all your pleasant Treats and merry Entertainments are over, you must come to see nothing on your Table but Apozems, and Cordials, and Juleps, and bitter Potions, and I know not what other weak Refreshments of your departing Life, and which cannot hinder it from departing; then you'll say as others before you have done, *Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity.* And this made our Friend also say, If some that he knew had but felt the Pains that he felt, they would lead better Lives, and God grant that they may, whoever they be. *One Generation passes away, and another comes;* in about an hundred years all that were alive in that Age are dead: How many  
are

are gone since *Adam* ? How fast are the former gone, and how quickly will our present pass away ! Your time to dye is coming ; neither the Greatness of your Kindred, nor the Heaps of your Riches, nor the Beauty of your Complexion, nor the Vigour of your Temper, nor the fineness of your Dress, will keep you from the Grave ; you are as a Vessel of Glass, and some unforeseen Accident or sudden Fall will break you to pieces, 2 *Sam.* 14. 14. for we must needs dye, and are as Water spilt upon the Ground, which cannot be gathered up again. Those that care least to hear of Death, must in a short time themselves be dead. That Eastern Prince, that was extreamly delicate, is now with all his softness and pomp past away. Though none might enter into *the Gate of this King Ahasuerus*, whilst he was alive, *clothed with Sackcloth*, *Esth.* 4. 2. Lest the sight of so sad an Object should give him Trouble, or minister an occasion to mournful

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ful or grievous Thoughts, which might disturb his Pleasures.

Improve the Death of this now departed young man: He now is in the Grave, that was active in his Calling and managing of Trade and Business but a few Months ago: His Sun sett indeed betimes, but he set in beams, and a Light since remains, that may be useful to us that are alive. There were three things that have embalmed his Memory, and makes it precious to us and all his Friends.

1. *He had excellent sweetneſs of Temper.* And in ſaying ſo, I give him but a very juſt Praise, for a pleaſant, a ſmooth, and an even Temper is amiable in the Eyes of God and Man. I queſtion not but our Bleſſed Saviour was of an admirable Diſpoſition, even as to the Humour and Temperament of his Body, and that made him abundantly more capable of promoting the Glory of God, for I am ſure an ill-natur'd man can do very little good; the rancour of his Spirit envenoms all his Advice  
and

and Countels, and People must have very little to do, that will hearken to a man that is morose: A crabbed ugly Temper is the Spot of Humane Nature. Our Saviour loved *John* more than all the rest of his Disciples, and he found him very fit for his familiarity; for, as we find by his Epistles he had a very loving Soul, our Friend Mr. *Hill* was a person of a pleasant Conversation; he was none of those humourfome fowre People, to whom a man must be beholden for a Look, or a Word, and that have used themselves so long to frown, that they know not how to smile, and to whom one must talk in print, for fear of disjoining their Stiffness and reserved Conceitedness. Our Friend was grateful to all his Acquaintance, by his Affableness, his Meekness and Sincerity. And, oh that all that we have to do withal had in them no more of Storm than he had, what a silent quiet World should we then have? In a World where there is so much ill-nature, and waspishness, and passion, as  
in

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in ours, we needed such a Pattern of a better frame. And I desire those who have the Unhappiness of an ill nature, to strive and pray against it, that they may not be perpetual Thorns to others, and a Burden to themselves.

2. *He was upon all due occasions serviceable and charitable.* His good Humour, as well as his Religion, inclined him to be a Blessing to the World: If any were in Distress, or needed his Help, he was presently ready to relieve them: And though he was not forward to proclaim his Charities, or to make a great noise about them, it was a very commendable thing in him to buy serious Books, to give away as he several times did, and so by that means spread Knowledge and a Religion. He began the World very young, and was not quite *Eighteen* when he entered into Business, in which by his good management and skill he made very considerable progress, and by the Blessing of God on his diligent Endeavours his Affairs prospered, and had very good Success,  
and

and with his encreasing Prosperity he had no stingy narrow Soul.

I think I may say it was not in his Nature to be covetous, for had we thought him so, we should have been more inconsolable for his loss. He was in his Health a frequent Attender on this Lecture, and an encourager of it, and by his Death we have lost a very sincere and hearty Friend.

3. *He was submissive in his long Affliction, and it was long indeed to sence, for it seized him in October last.* And who can reckon up all the sad and painful Hours, all the weary Days and restless Nights that he had from that time? There is nothing that more sensibly and nearly teaches us the Miseries of the Fall of *Adam*, than the Pains which attend our decaying Bodies: and that which makes Pain more formidable than it would otherwise be, is the continuance and the length of it. It is easie indeed to bear the Pain of one or two days, but not so easie to bear the Pain of several succeeding weeks and months; and this render'd the  
Good.

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Goodness of God to our Friend more illustrious, in that during so long and so sharp an illness, he gave him proportionable Support, and his Patience, though it had very smart Exercises, was not tired out ; and there is not a more noble and admirable thing in all the World, than to see a Soul dwelling in painful Flesh, with which it cannot but be affected, to remain still and calm, not disordered nor unhinged with violent Passions, Murmurings, or indecent Complaints ; and such a Soul, so silent, and so calm, as one would have wished for, he had. He, poor man, felt a great deal of Misery, but spoke of it very little, and alwaies spoke with great acquiescence in the Providence of God ; and though he long'd, as Nature it self cannot avoid so longing, to see an end of his Affliction, yet he always used to say, *Not as I will Lord, but as thou wilt.* When he was asked, whether he did not long to be among his Friends, and in his Business ; he said, he took as much satisfaction on his Sick-bed as in his Warehouse, because it was the  
Will

## of this World. 111

Will of God. And when his very kind and loving Relation, that with a peculiar Affection attended him in his illness, seemed at any time concernedly to sympathize with him in his great and dreadful Pain, he would endeavour to raise up his Hope, and to comfort her by saying, that *he must leave the time and manner of his Deliverance unto God himself.* It troubled me many times, when I went to see him, to see one with whom I had had such familiar Conversation, to be so much afflicted ; it grieved me to see so hopeful a young man, in the middle of his Age, and when he might have been more serviceable, lying on a Sick-bed ; and that the Skill of his Physician was not successful, though I fully believe there wanted neither Judgment, nor Care, nor Conscience, on his part, to do him all the good he could ; the Disease was too firmly rooted, and of too long a standing to admit a Cure ; the thought and fear of this was a trouble to me, but I had some Comfort mingled with my Grief, for one that I truly & sincerely loved, by observing his great patience and resignation, one could

not



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not but be greatly edified, to see the mildness of his Soul, which Soul is now fled away, and I hope to a better World, where he will never be afflicted any more. Oh let us that are yet alive bless the Mercy and the Kindness of our God, that he hath spared us when he has taken him away, that we are in this Assembly in Health, whilst he is in the Congregation of the Dead. Thus our Friends one after another pass away, and we our selves shall in a few days be gone; let not our Youth make us careless and secure, seeing we have seen our Friend *at the age of 24* called away to another state; let us pray, let us hear, let us read the Word, let us abound in all good Works, let us do all the good we can for our own Souls and the Souls of others, seeing we have but a little *time* wherein to work, for the night of Death will surely and quickly come; let us not be slothful, that so when our day draws to its conclusion, we may have the Peace of a good Conscience, the Joys of a Life well spent, and an abundant Entrance into that glorious World, the *Fashion* whereof will never pass away.

*T H E E N D.*

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